

The Darkest Night

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Two figures alone in the dark.

One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Two figures alone in the dark.

Disclaimer - I own nothing but my imagination.

The night was dark. The figures that sat in the darkness dared not light their wands for fear that they would be spotted. They knew that danger was near, and they knew that the darkness was their only defense for now.

"I'm hungry," one voice complained for the hundredth time that evening.

There were murmurs of assent from the others in the group, though none of them had complained nearly as many times as the one who had spoken.

"We'll get something to eat as soon as we can. What happened to the rations of food that I gave you hours ago?" a female voice asked, filled with frustration.

"I ate it," was the reply.

"That was supposed to last you for hours!" she said. "Honestly, you are impossible!" There was a rustling of paper. "Here, don't eat it all now. It has to last you for the rest of the night!"

"Thanks." The sounds of crunching were followed by a gulp. He felt her shiver beside him. "Are you cold?"

"No," she started, then said, "Maybe a little."

There was a rustle of a cloak as he wrapped his arm around her thin form.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you." She leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed. It would definitely be a long night.

Prompt from Ravenscara - 200-300 words, no description of the characters ppl must know who they are